

## **AT DRAWING DAWN**

by Andrew “Change” Huang

at drawing dawn, i briefly sigh—  
to what was once a tenant sky  
of vagabonds airing new stars  
and golden glow dusts sowing far.

warm eyes settle before the rise  
of foreign dawn; and so i sigh—  
the luscious of celestial lights  
shadowy fading from my sight.

yet all, but one steadfast leo—  
born from wayward milky swirls—  
remains at dawn to rest my sighs,  
and to call out the amber dyes.

despite the night in distant glows,  
you can still lively ease my woes.  
the falling streams of many byes  
embrace a drawing dawn. i sigh!